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THE
FALL OF THE LEAF,
&c. &c.



THE
FALL OF THE LEAF;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY CHARLES BUCKE,

AUTHOR OF THE ITALIANS, THE PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE, AND
AMUSEMENTS IN RETIREMENT.

“ By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Fancy comes, at twilight grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Pity does awhile repair
To mourn, a weeping pilgrim, there.”

LONDON :

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TO
THOSE FRIENDS, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE,
WHO, IN SO MARKED A MANNER,
SIGNALISED THEIR REGARD FOR LITERARY JUSTICE,
DURING
THE LATE UNPRECEDENTED AND ILLITERATE ATTACK
UPON HIS
TRAGEDY OF THE ITALIANS,
THE AUTHOR
DEDICATES THESE POEMS,
WITH EVERY
SENTIMENT OF RESPECT AND GRATITUDE.

882150



THE Poems, here presented to the reader, were chiefly written as relaxations during occasional journies in NORTH and SOUTH WALES. They will probably suit the tastes only of a few. Indeed—the author of them has never written for the many;—having no relish for those distortions and extravagancies of character and sentiment, which now delight so many critics of the age. Two orders of readers only has he written for:—the lovers of Nature in all her wild and beautiful varieties; and those, whose sensibilities are, for the most part, in unison with his own. Should he have the satisfaction of administering to the taste and mental enjoyments of these,—

Let Fame and Fortune travel where they will!

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

I. THE ITALIANS, a TRAGEDY ; performed at Drury-Lane Theatre, against the Author's consent : and withdrawn on the second night of performance, in consequence of a violent party having been made up against it by the partisans of Mr. KEAN. A NEW EDITION, with a FINAL PREFACE.—*Price Four Shillings.*
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MEDITATIONS AND REFLECTIONS

ON THE

BEAUTIES, HARMONIES, AND SUBLIMITIES
OF NATURE.

N. B. This work having been, at all seasons, the companion of my fortunes, and one of the greatest consolations of my life, no exertion shall be wanting, on my part, to render it worthy the attention of an enlightened reader.—C. B.

THE
FALL OF THE LEAF:
AN EPISTLE

ADDRESSED TO
JOHN HENRY WILMOT, ESQ.

Muneris hoc tui est ;
Quod spiro, et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.
HOR. Lib. iv. Od. iii. v. 21. 24.

I.

COME, ere we quit our Paradise !—The world,
And fickle Fortune,—cruel as they are,—
Will not deny us that. In cities long
We sojourn'd and we wander'd ; travell'd oft ;
Saw men in various attitudes ; and mark'd
How ill they keep their promises ; how well
They smile, shake hands, swear friendship, and betray !
With various orders have we mix'd—
From prince to peasant :—from th' aspiring man,
Who earns a scanty pittance at a bust,
Which shall in after-times adorn his name,

To him, who, rising from the dregs of life,
Has roll'd in chariot to a Chancellor's.
What have we seen in this extended range?
Nothing to charm us from the secret shade!
Then come, I charge;—attend my anxious call.
Life is uncertain; and the joys of life
Still more precarious: I am happy now:
And, therefore, soon shall fall into the net
Ill-fortune spreads for all.—I charge thee, come!
For woe is often an attendant on
Soft hours, sweet smiles—the solace of the soul.

II.

Summer is gone, and Autumn soon will fill
Her lap capacious.—Clear, unspotted skies
I have tinged the forest with a yellow'd green;
And the hoarse torrent now resounds with wild,
But not unpleasing music. At our board
Nothing that savours of magnificence;
Nothing that brings disorder to the frame;
Nothing to rend soft slumber from our eyes,
Can tempt thee ever from the golden rule
Of wise Pythagoras. Sometimes in the bower
Julia shall spread, with cheerfulness and smiles,

Honey and cream, cool sallads, and the fruits,
That grow perfectious on our verdant shores.
No wines of Burgundy our cellar yields;
Sparkling champaign; nor claret, from the vines
Purpling the banks of Garonne; nor the juice
Of rich Constantia from the sultry Cape,
Found at the tables of the rich and great,
Or those luxurious at another's cost.
But brown October, and Pomona's juice,
Famed on the banks of Severn and the Wye.

III.

Ours is no mansion hid with antique oaks,
And hung with tap'stry, by our mothers wove,
Telling the history of the Holy Wars,
Or knights achievements in the tented field.
—'Tis a plain cottage—in a garden set;
Humble, yet graceful, on the mossy banks
Of winding Towy; near the circling bay,
That stretches wide, begirt with rocks, that throw
Their evening shadows o'er the azure deep.
CLAUDE would have linger'd on the fairy scene,
And felt transported to Ausonian land!

IV.

Such is our cottage ; such our humble fare !
Come, then ; forsake the melancholy town,
Deform'd with smoke, which in dark masses hang,
Bronzing the splendour of meridian suns.
Come ! quit the bar, port-folio, and the code ;
Accept the welcome of a long-tried friend ;
And, in the silence of his nest, consent
To pass the season of the YELLOW LEAF.
None shall disturb you !—Sometimes in the mead
That lies below, we'll saunter out the day ;
Listening with silent and attentive ear
To all the inconveniences we've suffer'd,
Since last we met, by accident, beneath
The fretted aisle of GLOUCESTER'S sacred fane.
Then will we loiter in the garden ; mark
The fading honours of anemones,
Asters, auriculas, and Guernsey lilies,
Roses, carnations, and chrysanthemums.

V.

Then we will pay a visit to the herd,
That graze near yonder castle's ruin'd walls,

Listless how strong the rushing tide comes in.
Listless and senseless!—like the human herd,
Dead to the charms of Nature; though alive
To all the stronger passions of the heart.
Electric oft where reason should command;
And cool and temperate when to feel were virtue.

VI.

The morning lower'd; yet azure skies succeed;
Mantled with volumes of suspending gold,
Known in these rich, cerulean isles alone.
Come! let us fill our wallets: then with line,
Arm'd with two hooks, and bearing on our backs
The rod and basket, to the neighbouring stream
We'll saunter; listen to the bubbling noise,
That tells how fleet the winding waters are:
And then, descending from the meadow's side,
We'll creep beneath yon arching boughs, that shade
The babbling stream; where, fishing for a while,
Soon we will lose all memory of our line
In the sweet page of Walton, or the spells
Of frantic Comus, and the Faerie Queene.

VII.

Rosetta's environs abound in palms ;
Persia's made musical by nightingales ;
But here no scion of the palm tree grows,
Nor copse resounds with Philomela's note !
Yet there are charms upon yon mountain's top.
Come ;—let us journey up its rugged sides ;
And with yon shepherd our companion, eye
The vast Atlantic gem the purple west.
There, 'neath the rocks impending, we will sit :
Careless what factions rule the giddy world !
Careless alike, if —— or the CZAR
Sits on the zenith of blind Fortune's wheel.
Enough for us, tranquillity bestows
Her balm divine ;—enough for us, that we,
Far from the tumults of the groveling throng,
Can draw a moral from a thistle's beard,
A moss-grown fountain, or a falling leaf.

VIII.

To be contented with an humble lot
Is the best wisdom, that the mind can shew.
Give me a cottage on some towering cliff,
'Neath which the billows in wild fury rage :

And if fair Julia and my faithful friend
 Adorn its hearth—why—let the tempest rage,
 And Fame and Fortune travel where they will.
 Beneath yon cliffs thou might'st with joy recount
 The many studious journies of thy youth ;
 Once more enjoy the vineyards of the Loire,
 The olived glens of Italy, and vales,
 The fragrant vales,—of proud, romantic Spain.

IX.

Then by the spring or fountain we would sit,
 All fring'd with moss ; and in their bubbles read
 The fate of heroes, who with rapture stride,
 Lawless and rude—abhorring and abhorr'd—
 From realm to realm, to find themselves a grave.
 Oh ! could'st thou look into a tyrant's heart,
 Thou'd see a thousand signs of stripes and stabs,
 Engrain'd in bloody characters. A tyrant ?
 I would not pay his penalty of state,
 For all this pen could number in a year !

X.

Behold you rough and solitary scene !
 No cot, no herd, no flocks, nor bounding goat

Adorn its sylvan solitude ;—yet there
Insects wing winding circles in the air ;
And verdant blood meanders through the veins
Of leaves and flowers ; which revel in the thought
That tyrant footsteps seldom travel there.
Come,—let us pay due honour to the thought !
There we may take a transitory view
Of men, whose fame rings loudly in the world :
Search for their wishes ; penetrate their hearts ;
And judge their motives rather than their deeds.
And when fatigued, (as soon our minds may be,)
Then will we reason on the times gone by ;
Number the streams in which our limbs have bathed,
Or the peak'd summits that our feet have climb'd.
Then we will muse on sculptures we have seen
Then on the paintings of Albani ; Claude,—
His evening and his morning ; the Cartoons
Of graceful Raphael ; Rosa's midnight sketch
Or on St. Peter and the Martyrdom,
—Magical works of Titian's heavenly hand !

XI.

Then would we muse on the Etruscan shade,
— So like this wild and melancholy spot !—

Where Numa listen'd to Egeria's lore.
Numa ! who gave a savage people laws,
And lull'd their warlike appetites to rest.
Oh ! I could pause on Numa's sacred name,
From the first dawning of Aurora's ray,
Till Venus, glowing in the vault of eve,
Reluctant bids the darkening world adieu.

Then would we woo SIMPLICITY, the maid
Whom wisdom loves, and innocence adores.
—No more by wild and angry passions tost ;
No more by ill-placed confidence betray'd ;
No more by envy's low bred cunning crost ;
We'd hail the hour when truth and love shall rule,
And bland affection bind the willing world.

XII.

But mark—the rainbow hangs from hill to hill,
Arching the vale that stretches wide below ;
Forming one vast, magnificent cascade.
Emblem of rank, of glory, and of fame,
It strikes the eye, and glitters for a time,
And then is lost for ever and for ever !
Now the gray clouds in fiery ramparts rise ;

Now like wide rivers rolling in the sky ;
And now like abbeys, castles, domes and towers,
Rock, glens, and mountains—visions of the air !
Visions like those a heart, well fashion'd, sees,
When in the outlines of a smiling face
It reads a vow, and thinks the heart sincere !

XIII.

Sometimes at noon's meridian we may see
The weary woodman slumbering in the shade ;
While o'er his head the turtle mourns her mate,
Dropping soft tears upon the fading leaf,
That soon will fall upon her feather'd grave.
Then may we mark the mild and graceful swan,
Emblem of mildness and of majesty !
In silent state, with high o'er-arching neck,
And Ethiop beak, upon her snowy breast
Down the smooth current with her young she floats ;
And proud of rank, and conscious of her power
Upon her native element, unheeds
The kite, the falcon, or the royal bird,
Sailing in air, or bending o'er the stream,
Down which, in conscious pride, she guides her feather'd
young.

So may the man of independent mind,
Resting on motives, scorn the stubborn frown
Of untaught pride, or ill-directed power.

XIV.

Then we will visit old ARISTO'S home,
Rear'd in a meadow near the public way.
None ever went discouraged from his door !
Soon as he sees a stranger at his gate
The good old farmer quits his fragrant porch,
And down the pathway of his garden steals :
Then to his servants gives the cheerful call.—
They hear ;—they heap the blazing fire anew ;
Place on the table bread, and cheese, and milk,
And home-brew'd ale, and wholesome gooseberry wine.
Then near the corner of the fire they place
The cheerful pipe. Aristo at the gate
With open'd hand invites the traveller in.
The weary traveller, blushing and obliged,
Scrapes his soil'd shoes ; and bending with delight
Follows his host, admiring as he goes :
Enters the porch—respects the well-wash'd floor—
Accepts the chair. Aristo lifts the jug ;—
Declares him welcome ;—vows 'twill rain all night :—

“ You’d better therefore stay the night with me.”
The stranger smiles; Aristo cries, “ content !”
And all is comfort round the crackling fire.

XV.

When clouds dissolve in copious showers of rain,
Or northern winds proclaim a hail-storm nigh,
Then will we sit, enjoying and enjoy’d ;
Invite each other to the wholesome taste
Of fruits autumnal ; while my Blanche shall smile,
Take the red fruit, and, stealing archly round,
Shew it her mother ; then with blushes lean
On the loved lap, and chew the savoury pulp.
—Then we will listen to Orlando’s tale ;
Traverse the ocean from the Tagus, rich
In many a fruit, with GAMA to the Cape ;
Thence to the Isle of Ebony, to where
A bark of Europe first touch’d Indian shores.
Or if proud chivalry “ delight thee more,”
Then will we read of old Castilian knights,—
The Cid, Amadis, or Prince Arthur, who,
With many a deed, upheld the British name :
Upon whose mount, and in whose secret caves,
So oft we’ve linger’d out the summer’s day,

Hailing old Merlin in his favourite haunts,
 Dreaming of witcheries and prophecies we'd see,
 In our mind's kingdom, lords and titled dames
 Sitting in judgment at a tournament.

XVI.

But what wild, strange, mysterious sounds are these
 Floating in air? We know not whence they come.
 They seem approaching! ope the casement wide.
 It is the poor blind HARPER! who has stroll'd
 For many a year among these mountains wild.
 He knows each house from Towy to the Wye;
 Can trace the history of each family,
 E'en from the times of ancient HOWEL DHA.
 The wind blows cold—the pointed hail descends—
 Oh! let the bending, grey-hair'd, minstrel in!
 Then rings our cottage with wild music. Hence,
 —Ye sons of Naples,—'tis no place for you!
 Refresh'd with cheer the holy man begins,
 Spreads his grey fingers o'er the obedient chords,
 And Glendower's fame, or Tudor's fortune rings.

XVII.

Thus pass the season of the YELLOW LEAF!
 -Ye giddy throng, who, blown by fortune's breath

Beyond the sphere of ignorance to climb—
Mark how the faded leaf aspires in air,
Torn by the tempest from its parent bough !
See,—it has gain'd its zenith ! Down it falls,
Whirling, in giddy circles, to the ground,
—Yellow and worthless,—on a bed of earth,
Which soon will hide, and waste it into nothing.
Thus man shall fall !—Unless in early prime,
He woos fair truth in life's eternal page.

But falling leaves leave embryo buds behind !

Let us, then, master truth's expanded volume,
While time and fortune grant th' auspicious hour ;
Lest, in the pride of folly and delay,
THE LEAF MAY FALL AND LEAVE A BARREN BOUGH !

L I N E S

WRITTEN

FOR THE PURPOSE OF RECITATION AT THE ORATORIO, PERFORMED IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE FUNERAL OF H. R. H. THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE, AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

“Thus it hath pleased ALMIGHTY GOD, to take out of this transitory Life, unto his Divine Mercy, the late most illustrious Princess CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA, daughter of his Royal Highness GEORGE, Prince of Wales, Regent of this United Kingdom, CONSORT of his Serene Highness LEOPOLD GEORGE FREDERICK, Duke of Saxe, Margrave of Misnia, Landgrave of Thuringia, Prince of Cobourg of Saalfield, and Granddaughter of his most excellent Majesty GEORGE the Third, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King and Defender of the Faith, whom God preserve with long Life, Health, Honour, and all worldly Happiness.”—Sir ISAAC HEARD, Garter principal King at Arms.

“ DEATH!—Ere thou hast slain another,
“ Learn'd, and fair, and good as she,
“ TIME shall throw a dart at thee!”

THUS sung the Bard,* in melancholy pride,
When Sidney's hopes, and Pembroke's mother died.
Ah!—had he lived in this eventful time,
Tears then had fall'n and blotted out his rhyme!

* Ben Jonson.

For wheresoe'er our mournful footsteps turn,
 Fancy beholds AUGUSTA's funeral urn!
 Fair was her morn of life!—her Father's pride,
 Her Mother's hope!—and all the Realm's beside!
 Grief look'd relieved, whenever she appear'd;
 And Love, delighted, smiled where'er her voice was heard.

II.

Early she knew, a PEOPLE'S LOVE's the gem!
 That shines the brightest in a diadem:
 That gem (despising every courtier's art)
 She won, she wore, and polish'd in her heart.
 Proud of her Country, through that Country wide
 She liv'd—she died—its ornament and pride.
 Briton in views, in manners, and in mind;
 Warm, open, honest, liberal, and kind;
 All ease, all grace!—For her e'en peasants pray,
 For wheresoe'er she look'd, Pride, sullen, stalk'd away!

III.

At length came HE, upon whose noble breast
 The loveliest angel might with rapture rest:
 Illustrious COBOURG!—Form'd in Virtue's mould!
 Though manly, gentle; and *with heart of gold!*

He came—he saw ; awhile, as lost, he gazed,
 Delighted, charm'd, adoring, and amazed.
 He gazed—and loved ! She saw his modest smile,
 And blush'd ! She felt its influence beguile
 Her proudest wishes ; while that secret Power
 That rules in cot, in palace, and in bower,
 Smiled at them both.—Not daring to explain :
 The Royal Father saw their secret pain,
 And softly whisper'd, “ COBOURG ! you may woo ;
 “ To crown my wishes and the empire's too.”
 Oh ! blest that father, whose parental pride
 Could make an *empire's heir* a *good man's* bride ;
 Could bend, in tears of rapture, from a throne,
 To make his daughter's paradise his own !

IV.

Now, then, behold th' illustrious pair retired,
 Blest with each wish their mutual hearts desired
 Remote from splendour, and distractions rude,
 Feeling no charm so great—AS LOVE IN SOLITUDE.
 Ah me ! if joy from wedded love doth flow
 In humbler bosoms, what must theirs, then, know,
 When conscious Virtue,—visiting their dome,—
 Planted soft beds of flowers, and own'd herself at home !

V.

The empire heard how swift their minutes flew
 In every mental exercise ! and you—
 You know—you feel—the honest truth I speak !
 Alas the time !—a tear bedews my cheek,
 To think how soon their pleasures flew away,
 Like the short sunshine of an April day.
 All Britons hail'd, with eagerness, the hour,
 So grateful to their happiness and power,
 When, from their mutual tenderness, might spring
 Their country's bulwark—in a FUTURE KING.
 Hope sate in ev'ry eye ! but in the bloom
 Of love matured, their melancholy doom
 Fate seal'd ! while Death the patient dove
 Struck in the FRUITAGE of her wedded love !

VI.

Oh sure !—a time so sad has never been !
 Oh ! sure—the suffering world has never seen
 Its hopes so blighted ! sure—relentless fate
 Ne'er left a people's heart so—desolate !
 Oh heaven ! —But stay—the sorrow of mankind
 Best shews the justice of th' ETERNAL MIND :
 Which guards or withers, with impartial care,
 A peasant's offspring, and an empire's heir.

VII.

Yet, though with awe we check the voice of woe,
 We would not—cannot—check the tears that flow !
 For ne'er, till now, has fond expecting bliss
 Turn'd to a woe so exquisite as this !
 The kindest mistress !—but ah !—wherefore dwell
 On virtues such as hers ?—You know them well !
 And could your BLOOD recal her—what a flood
 Of tears in crimson !—for you'd weep in blood.

VIII.

But mark the husband !—see his drooping head :
 See—how he gazes on the fatal bed !
 Alas !—those eyes—those beauteous eyes—are closed,
 On which his widow'd heart so late reposed !—
 In silent agony he pitying stands,
 Bends o'er her snowy frame, and wrings his nerveless
 hands.

Convulsed he bends !—No tear bedews his eye !
 He sees the lovely, lifeless, victim lie
 In Death's pale stillness !—On her faded cheek
 He prints a sacred kiss, and bids her speak !
 Alas !—she hears him not.—He calls again :
 “ My angel, speak !—nay—speak !”— He begs in vain.

“ Dead?—No—she sleeps!—oh!—leave her to her rest!

“ There—leave her—leave her:—Let the saint be blest.

“ Breathe softly;—lest her slumbering visions fly—

“ A saint so pure as this can never die!”

Thus he, in accents falt’ring, wild with dread:—

He will not yet believe his angel can be dead!

But soon—too soon—he sees Death’s fatal snare!

Dumb—motionless—he sinks!—an emblem of despair!

IX.

You, too, who’ve lost a friend, so firm—yet mild!—

A friend?—nay more—the EMPIRE’S darling child!

I hear your sighs;—I feel you scorn relief;

You mourn in *public* for a *private* grief:

And when retired—in silence and alone,

You weep in *private* for a *public* one.

Ah! well ye may! Yet dry, oh! dry your eyes;

Though in the grave her sainted body lies,

She lives—she lives!—a Christian never dies!

Her soul has burst the fetters of the tomb!

Her soul now flies to her celestial home!

Ah! when arrived at heaven’s eternal doors,

Her best and sweetest hope she’ll turn on you and yours!

While you and yours shall so embalm her fame,

That every distant age shall venerate her name!

O D E

TO THE

NYMPH OF THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

O Lachrymarum Fons!—tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quatuor
Felix!—in imo qui scatentem
Pectore, Te, Pia Nympha, sensit.

GRAY.

I.

NYMPH! from thy fountain flow those showers
That deluge man's majestic eye,
When despots wield their giant powers
Against the sons of liberty.
When a noble patriot falls,
When a sacred poet dies,
Thine is the influence that calls
Our best and holiest sympathies.

II.

When listening with enchanted ear,
 The copse beneath, to that soft tale,
 Which tells all nature, far and near,
 The sorrows of the nightingale;
 A tender youth, of Petrarch's school,
 Has some fair Laura's loss to mourn; —
 Ah! who with reasoning would controul
 Those tears, that bathe her funeral urn?

III.

Those tears are thine which gem the eye,
 And all her fears and anguish smother;
 First, when an infant's feeble cry
 Proclaims the lovely fair "a mother."
 And when that infant, grown a man,
 O'er seas beset with wild alarms,
 (Contracting space into a span,)
 Shall spring into that mother's arms,
 Who that e'er felt, as mothers feel,
 Would her soft trickling tears forego?
 Not all the gold that burnish'd steel
 E'er won upon the field of woe

Could tempt the mother, father, wife,
 To check the rapturous throbs and tears,
 Which quicken into instant life
 When that delighted son appears !*

IV.

When TASSO's fate, when DANTE's page,
 Beguile the bosom's overflow ;
 When want, disease, and helpless age,
 Dissolve the heart in speechless woe ;
 And when the MANIAC's piercing cry
 Loud o'er the echoing torrent swells ;
 And when his robe, his lyre, his eye,
 Too truly mark where misery dwells ;

* There is a simile in Horace almost superlative. I quote it, not because I have imitated it, but because it may serve to awaken in the mind of the reader the most affecting associations.

Ut mater juvenem, quem Notus invido
 Flatu Carpathii trans maris æquora
 Cunctantem spatio longitis annuo
 Dulci destinat à domo,
 Votis, ominibusque & precibus vocat ;
 Curvo nec faciem littore demovet :
 Sic desiderii icta fidelibus
 Quærit patria Cæsarem.—Lib. iv. od. v. l. 9.

Who can withhold their starting tears?
 And who their heaving sighs suppress?
 Those, only those, whose iron ears
 Are never open to distress.

V.

When SIRACH's or ISAIAH's page
 Subdues the heart, or fires the soul:
 When, glowing with celestial rage,
 Their bold and burning measures roll;
 And soaring on the boldest wing
 That ever graced poetic flight,
 Tune their best and favourite string,
 To set the human heart aright;
 And justify the ways of heaven
 To every weak and dubious eye,
 By teaching that a GOOD is given
 With every painful mystery,
 The bosom heaves!—In every clime
 Each eye distils with holy tears,
 To see how simple and sublime
 The plan of providence appears!

VI.

And when from towering cliffs we view,
 With wondering eye and ravish'd breast,
Old SNOWDON, capp'd with purple hue
 Of sun—declining in the west:
And when at midnight's solemn hour,
 The soul is dazzled with the blaze
Of countless orbs, whose matchless power
 Hymns vespers to th' Eternal's praise;
Astonish'd, charm'd, and rapt, the MIND
 Springs from the earth and soars the skies;
Where pure,—exalted,—and refined,
 To heaven's high throne it glorying flies!

ODE TO JULIA ;

WRITTEN AT PONT-ABERGLASSLYN, CARNARVONSHIRE. †

I.

I'VE roved o'er many a mountain wide ;
And conn'd their steps from side to side ;
Seen many a rock aspiring rise,—
Astonish'd,—to its native skies ;
While countless crags appear'd below,
All black with shade, or white with snow.
 These as I've seen, my heart,—still true,—
 Trembled—for I thought of you.

II.

I've listen'd to the torrent's roar,
In scenes where man ne'er trod before ;
And, as I've heard the vernal bee
In sweet, delirious, ecstasy,

† The poems marked in this manner have appeared either in the *Philosophy of Nature*, or the *Amusements in Retirement*.

Make rocks and caves and valleys ring,
Responsive to its murmuring ;
I've bade those scenes and sounds adieu,
To dwell in pensive thought on you.

III.

As on the ocean's shelvy shore,
I've listen'd to its solemn roar ;
Beset with awful wonders round,
While sea-birds scream'd with grating sound,
And moon majestic from a cloud,
Display'd her front, sublime and proud ;
I've thought how sweet, how far more dear
Those sounds would be, were Julia near.

ODE

TO

CLAUDE SPENCER, ESQ.;

WHO INVITED THE AUTHOR TO QUIT HIS RETIREMENT,
AND MIX AGAIN IN THE WORLD.

Written under the Walls of Oxwich Castle.

I.

No! I'll not listen to the lore,
That has so oft beguiled before!
'Tis mine to sit on river's side,
And mark the flowing of its tide;
To wander up high mountains gray,
At early morn;—at close of day
To loiter near the mossy cell,
“Where contemplation loves to dwell;”
Or where has knelt some snow-hair'd sage,
The tower, the convent, or the hermitage.

II.

No! I'll not listen to the lore,
That has so oft beguiled before!
No! now I'll sit near hive of bee,
And listen to its minstrelsy;
Or underneath the solemn shade,
By some torn rock o'erhanging made,
List, as the distant ocean hoar
Makes music with its solemn roar:
Or, as the abbey's solemn chime,
Has awed the panic soul of crime,
When, in the dark and lowering sky,
Are read rich volumes of theology.

III.

No! I'll not listen to thy lore!
It has beguiled so oft before!
For now 'tis mine, when every thrush
Sits mute upon its native bush;
When lowering mists invest the hill,
And every copse and glen is still:
Wrapt in solemn thought, 'tis mine,
At ease, as studious I recline,
At midnight's consecrated hour,
Beneath this shatter'd time-worn tower,

To point, where Luna's sacred ray
Illumes the wild, mysterious way ;
Where fancy travels, wild and far,
Beyond each richly glowing star ;
To where old Night, upon his ebon throne,
Rules sovereign lord, unknowing and unknown.

IV.

Away ! I will not listen to thy lore !
Here will I sit, and hear the ocean roar.
I know the world too well, to wish to try it more !

III.

" Adieu, thou wood-embosom'd spire !
 " No longer shall my rustic lyre,
 " In tender, simple, notes respire
 " Thy tombs among :
 " No longer will it soothe thy choir
 " With funeral song.

IV.

" The world before me ;—I must rove
 " Through Vice's glittering, vain, alcove ;
 " Alas !—as 'mid the world I move,
 " Shall I have time
 " To tremble at the name of love,
 " And speak in rhyme ?"

V.

Five years are past, since thus I sigh'd :
 Since to the world, without a guide,
 My fortunes I opposed to pride :—
 Oh ! time mispent !
 My pains are lost ;—my talents try'd
 With punishment !

VI.

Now to my hamlet I'll retire,
Cured of every vain desire ;
And burning with the sacred fire,
 That charm'd my youth ;
To love I'll dedicate my lyre,
 And heaven-born truth.

ODE

WRITTEN WHILE SAILING, IN A TEMPEST, UP THE BRISTOL
CHANNEL.

I.

THE waves run high;—wild tempests rage;—
The fears of death my heart engage!
What?—close the scene so far from shore;
And ne'er be seen, or heard of more?
Oh! sure this ocean's furious breast
Can never lull me to my rest!

II.

Ah!—I had wish'd the humble lot,
To live in some sequester'd spot;
Where, studious of divine repose,
Life's weary journey I might close.

III.

And does stern fate that lot deny?
Well! let no tear disgrace thine eye!

The power, which rules this raging sea,
Is parent of futurity ;
And of each wild and angry wave,
Can form as soft, as sweet, a grave,
As that where banks of violets grow ;
Or that where groupes of roses blow.

Then let no tear disgrace thine eye !
Let tempests rage, and waves run high !
—They're heralds of eternity !

ODE

TO HER WHO WILL UNDERSTAND IT.

WRITTEN AT CRICKHOWEL, BRECONSHIRE.

I.

No bird in thicket, or in cage confined,
No hope, that fascinates the wearied mind ;
No harp, by Nature's airy fingers strung,
Warble such music, as a woman's tongue !
Nor was a tongue of gentle woman-kind
Ever so sweetly mellowed to my mind.
Then take me,—lead me—up yon crested hill,
By shady forest, or by murmuring rill ;
Beneath yon rock, or down yon valley deep ;
Or lay me down in some cool Grot to sleep :—
Lead ;—and I follow ;—since to thee is given
The power of pointing out the road to Heaven !

ODE

WRITTEN AT A FOUNTAIN, NEAR CADER-IDRIS,
MERIONETHSHIRE.

I.

THE winds are hush'd ;—the woods are still ;
And clouds around yon towering hill,

In silent volumes roll :—

While o'er the vale, the moon serene

Throws yellow on the living green ;

And wakes a harmony between

The body and the soul.

II.

Deceitful calm !—Yon volumes soon,

Though gilded by the golden moon,

Will send the thunder's roar :—

Gloom will succeed the glowing ray ;

The storm will rage with giant sway ;

And lightnings will illumine its way

Along the billowy shore.

III.

'Tis thus in life from youth to age,
Through manhood's weary pilgrimage,
 What flattering charms infest !
We little think beneath a smile,
How many a war, how many a wile,
The rich, confiding, heart beguile,
 And rob it of its rest.

IV.

Then let me near this fountain lie ;
And let old time in silence fly,
 Stealing my youth away !
Far from the riot of the mean,
Oh ! let me o'er this fountain lean ;
Till death has drawn the darksome screen,
 That hides eternal day.

O D E.

WRITTEN AT THE CASTLE INN, MARLBOROUGH.

How sweet were the hours when the sun was declining,
And Nature had lull'd every bird to repose;
How sweet to repair to the rivulet, winding,
In graceful cascades, through the Vale of Glenrose.
The Vale of Glenrose? There the nightingale flies—
How oft has she warbled to silence and me!
'Tis there the dove-turtle deliciously sighs,
And the wren builds her nest near the hive of the bee.

Oh, vale of my heart! when I think of thy beauties,
What life to my soul recollection bestows!
My Julia! my Julia! Reward of my duties!
Ah! when shall we breathe the soft air of repose!
Removed—far removed—from thine artless caressing,
A martyr to fortune indignant I sigh!
My children! my children! I send you “my blessing!”
To serve you I leave you—to serve you I'd die.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN :

SUNG BY THE NUNS OF ST. CATHARINE.

Translated from the Spanish.

WHILE the evening sun's descending,
'Mid yon vast, tumultuous, wave ;
We,—and all the world,—are wending
To the soft and silent grave.

 Holy Virgin, save,—oh save !—
Save our hearts and souls from falling ;

 Take our thanks for hopes to-day :
May to-morrow's worldly calling

 Speed us on our heavenly way !

 Holy Virgin !—pray—oh pray !
At night, at morn, at noon of day,

Oh ! may thy mercy lead, and smooth the heavenly way.

THE EOLIAN HARP.†

I.

MUSIC of Nature!—Emblem of each sphere!
 How sweetly tranquil does my listening soul,
 At dewy eve, thy warbling murmurs hear,
 When, sooth'd to tenderness, thy measures roll:—

II.

Sometimes more loud, and now yet louder still;
 Sometimes more distant, and again more near;
 Waking soft echoes, and with magic skill
 Swelling the eye with a luxurious tear!

III.

Delightful flutterings!—Hovering toward the sky,
 Ten thousand sylphs, on lightest pinions borne,
 To realms ethereal on your murmurs fly,
 And, waked to melancholy feelings, mourn.
 Nature's best music!—Since its simple strain
 Lulls to repose each transitory pain.

C A N Z O N E T.

FROM THE SPANISH.

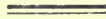


THE days of our happiness gliding away,
 A year seems a moment, and ages a day ;
 But Fortune converting our smiles into tears,
 What an age a diminutive moment appears !
 But Fortune, &c., &c.

Oh ! Fortune,—possess'd of so fickle a name—
 Why only in this art thou ever the same ?
 Oh change !—and bid moments of pleasure move slow,
 And give eagle plumes to the pinions of woe.
 Oh change ! &c., &c.

L I N E S †

WRITTEN IN A GLEN, NEAR VALLE-CRUCIS ABBEY,
DENBIGHSHIRE.



HERE let me rest!—In this sequester'd glen,
Far from the tumults of a giddy world,
The joys, the hopes, the energies of life,
Pleased, I'd resign.—————

These mountains rude, which rear their heads so high,
And those dark woods, that screen their giant sides,
Should shield my monument from northern snows:
And that wild stream, which rolls unseen below,
Should murmur music near my humble grave.
As in oblivious silence I reposed,
Ah! how delighted were my peaceful spirit,
Should some sweet maid, at midnight's solemn hour,
(Led by the radiance of th' approving moon,)
Approach that spot, where long in soft repose,
Pleased I have slept; and water with her tears

The rose and jasmine, that around my tomb
In chaste, in generous, circling clusters grow
While from her lap she scatter'd flowers around,
Cull'd in the evening from the cottage door,
Of some good peasant. — All around would smile;
And sigh to know, what dear, enchanting maid,
Could be so chaste, so faithful, and so good !
While from my tomb, with pleasure and regret,
My heart would whisper it was—JULIET.

THE BRIDESMAID AND THE
WATER-SPIRIT.

An Italian Legend.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

TO THE FRIEND OF MY YOUTH;

TO HER

WHO TO AN EXCELLENT HEART UNITES MOST OF THE
QUALIFICATIONS OF A FINE MIND.

I.

OCTOBER'S month is on the wane;
Orion decks the starry train;
And from his belt profusely throws
Materials of impending snows.
The leaves are yellow, brown, and sere,
And every curlew, far and near,
Proclaims th' approaching ruin of the year:
While, far remote from haunts of men unholy,
Wanders o'er many a brake the child of melancholy.

II.

Oh! say what sorrow and what fears, unblest,
So wildly move the gentle MARGARET'S breast?

What drives her on, 'mid hail and rain and snow,
 With stately gait, but undetermin'd brow,
 At times elate with hope;—but wild and wandering now?

III.

From distant warfare, and from treachery near,
 In conscious pride throughout the rolling year,
 Elate with conquest,—lord of all around,—
 No prince 'mid Tuscan mountains could be found,
 Who spread more terror, when he roved abroad;
 Or claim'd more victims for his purple sword:
 Than ARNO's haughty chief, save LUCCA's valiant lord.

What drives her on 'mid hail and rain and snow,
 At times elate with hope;—but wild and wandering now?
 FEAR drives her on!—Her fear of ARNO's lord;
 Who slew her brother with his treacherous sword.

IV.

ARNO and LUCCA were two rivals; who,
 From boyish age, a rivalry would shew,
 In arts, in arms, in sports, and banquets too.

V.

ARNO was fierce, impetuous, and proud
 LUCCA was gentle as a summer cloud!

At length they met, their rivalship to cease :
 They met,—they sign'd—and swore perpetual peace.
 And still that peace with greater force to bind—
 —Oh ! unsuspecting folly of mankind !
 To think that wolves, in equal games, will play,
 With sheep and sheep-kin, all a summer's day,
 And not resume their hatred and their power,
 Should unsuspecting sheep offend in luckless hour !—
 This peace to bind the firmer, Lucca's lord
 Proposed to wed proud Arno's beauteous ward.

VI.

Arno consents !—And now the marriage day
 Shines, as if mellowing all the tints of May.—
 Now the goblets foam with wine :
 Now the guests with rapture join ;
 Now the dance the maids prolong ;
 Now in numbers, wild and strong,
 Each harp resounds the following song.

VII.

SONG.

“ When Nature had these lovers plann'd,
 Struck with the wonders of her hand,

ENVY, dark, malign, and proud,
Beheld the forms, and mutter'd loud ;
 “ These forms were made in Nature's price
 “ When she and Love stood side by side ;
 “ And, smiling in each other's eyes,
 “ The rainbow threw athwart the skies.
 “ But year on year may roll away,
 “ And each long year be deem'd a day.
 “ Ere, with such splendid, happy train,
 “ Those mighty powers may meet again !
“ Forms then like these, shall man no more behold ;
“ Hating these lovers—I will break their mould.”
 With giant hand and angry frown,
 He dashed the ivory models down ;
 And, arm'd with triumph's sudden sway,
 Grinning with rapture, stalk'd away !”

VIII.

The music o'er,—the happy guests employ
Each festive art to raise the general joy.
 All is gay and social mirth !
 Arno's “ power” and Lucca's “ worth”
 Animate the glowing throng,
 And flow from echoing tongue to tongue.

IX.

“ Arno’s power and Lucca’s worth ?”

—Arno’s goblet fell to earth !—

“ Lucca’s worth, and Arno’s power ?

“ Now, by the sacred midnight hour,

“ If Lucca’s praised for virtue, he’s my foe,

“ Unless they praise Lord Arno’s virtues too.”

Thus thought the chief; his bosom writh’d with pain;

Inward it swell’d with anger and disdain;

While Envy straight resumed her ancient home again.

X.

The Bridesmaid sate the chief beside;

She saw his cheek distend with pride!

But Lucca dreams, and speaks of nought but love;

While fires through every nerve, in wildest rapture move!

The Bride at length, ’mid fears and hopes, is led

To bridal chamber by her bridal maid,

Lucca’s sweet sister, MARGARET; who stood

Beside her pillow long in melancholy mood.—

All grace she was;—all beauty:—but the look

Of Arno’s lord her breast with terror shook.

No joy she shew’d, dissembling;—pity fill’d

Her bosom mantling; while her veins were chill’d.—

XI.

The Bride beheld, and wondering ask'd her, " Why
 " So little pleasure gemm'd her beauteous eye?"
 As mute she stood—with stern and glaring eyes
 Lord Arno enters:—" Why this wild surprise?"
 Thundering he said:—" Lord Lucca's host is fled,
 And he himself lies weltering with the dead!"
 They heard—the lovely Bridesmaid and the Bride;—
 They heard;—the latter fell upon her side:—
 The shock was mortal!—Wonder and affright
 Closed her blue eyes in death's oblivious night.
 Her form Lord Arno spurn'd upon the ground:
 'Then stamp'd the floor:—a HERALD heard the sound.
 " Take this maid!—Yon ivied tower
 " Shall be to me a lover's bower."
 The Herald heard;—he raised the shrieking maid;
 And to the ivied tower her angel form convey'd.

XII.

Arno return'd into the hall,
 To triumph over Lucca's fall.
 That all the rosy guests should raise
 The notes of joy in Lucca's praise;

While all they gave to him alone,
 —Though seated on the festal throne—
 Was *lordly power*, enraged his soul
 Beyond his measure of control !

And as the Bridegroom through the arches roved,
 To the white arms of her, he fondly loved,
 His path he way-laid ; gave the treacherous wound :—
 The unsuspecting youth fell lifeless on the ground !

XIII.

The Bridesmaid still her senses kept ;
 And though her gentle eyelids wept ;
 And though her heart was all forlorn ;
 And though with woe her breast was torn ;
 And though she fear'd the tyrant's vow,
 Yet would her courage ebb and flow !

XIV.

Beside her stood the rude and rugged guard,
 With face all gloomy as the angry pard.
 Yet as he stood in silent, savage state,
 A cunning avarice on each eyelid sate.
 He look'd, and on her finger threw
 His wishful eye :—she saw ;—she drew,

From off the joint the brilliant gem :
 “ I thank thee, fair and injur'd dame !”
 The shining toy the guard surveys ;
 With rapture hugs the proffer'd prize ;
 And then, through secret vaults, he steals his way ;
 Leads the fair Bridesmaid to the starry ray ;
 Then closed the pond'rous door,—and wish'd her well away.

XV.

Thus, thus she triumph'd :—climb'd the mountain's brow :
 Nor stopt to gaze upon the scene below.
 Loud shouts her fancy echoes to her ears ;
 Each fountain's fall Lord Arno's voice appears :
 Each star that rose,—each glow-worm of the night,
 Fill her sad soul with withering affright !
 She hears Lord Arno breathe in every wind ;
 Forward she darts, nor casts one look behind !

XVI.

The moon, now rising, fringed the speckled cloud,
 That on the summit of Vancenza bow'd.
 No guide had she :—no venerable man,
 Whose age seem'd measur'd long ere hers began ;
 Whose sole employ might be, with care intent,
 To guide her footsteps wheresoe'er she went !

No guide had she;—but frantic and alone
To rocks and echoing woods, she made her tearless moan.

As on she strays, unheeding where,
A prey to all the storms of care,
The wandering moon, through fleeces, gave
A dubious light to Mincio's wave;
Which rushing, foaming, wildly on,
Warn'd the lone stranger to be gone :
While chimes from distant convent's tower,
Proclaim'd it midnight's solemn hour.

XVII.

On what green turf, or on what mossy bed,
Shall this poor wandering virgin rest her weary head?

XVIII.

Full many a path, which ne'er before
The maid had seen, she traversed o'er ;
While many a flower of dubious hue
Their fragrance o'er the midnight threw ;
Though now was heard no eager hum
Of loaded bee returning home.
But as he slew each sleeping bird,
The sound of distant kite was heard.

And now the scene is thrill'd with fright !
 For, riding on the wing of night,
 Loud cries of wolves spread wild alarm,
 From wood to wood, from farm to farm.

XIX.

In wild, dejected, mournful mood,
 Once more near Mincio's rolling flood,
 Dissolved in tears, the virgin stood.
 Her flowing robe, her streaming hair,
 By turns adorn'd her bosom bare ;
 By turns all flowing from behind,
 They waved like comets in the wind.

With breast all frantic with her fears ;
 With hazel eyes beswoll'n with tears ;
 With lips all parch'd, and throbbing breast,
 Her soul seem'd sinking to its rest.

She calls on heaven ; she loudly calls on death !
 Yet ah !—no angel comes to take her parting breath.

XX.

Thus as she stood, 'twixt hope and fear, she spy'd,
 On the torn margin of the river's side,
 A form more beauteous than that shepherd wore,
 Whom Venus tempted on the Syrian shore.

Slumbering he lay: yet seem'd in dreams to say,
 " Turn not, sweet maid, thy gentle steps away."

XXI.

The lovely youth, who thus reposed,
 With cheeks all pale, and eyelids closed,
 On nearer view and strict survey,
 Which Margaret taught her eyes to pay,
 Display'd no signs of heaving breath;
 He seem'd to sleep the sleep of death !

XXII.

Form'd in Nature's mildest mood,
 The pitying nymph affrighted stood ;
 And view'd, with awe and conscious fear,
 The lifeless body on its bier.
 " Poor youth !" thought she, " what power divine
 ' Could see a matchless form like thine,
 " And yet not stay the fatal blow,
 " That laid thy manly spirit low."

XXIII.

As thus in sighs she mourns th' unconscious dead,
 The beauteous Bridesmaid droops her aching head :

Tears down her cheeks, in copious volumes roll,
And sighs unnumber'd from her bosom stole.

—As thus in all the eloquence of woe,
Which words, and sighs, and copious tears can shew,
The nymph bends over him, her bosom burns—
For lo! the colour in his cheek returns!

At first the heart begins to beat;
The hands are next surcharged with heat;
And now his lips begin to shew,
Where glossy beds of pearl do grow.
At length, the youth, his eyelids opening wide,
Beheld a lady weeping by his side!

XXIV.

Ah! who could see such beauty stand,
In all the pride of Nature's hand;
And ah! what maid but now had bow'd,
However fair, however proud,
In this eventful, sacred hour,
To that insidious, wanton power,
Who rules by smiles, or frowns, alone,
From cot to convent, tower, and throne?

XXV.

Night now once more her mantle spreads;
 The moon her ray no longer sheds;
 No longer her soft influence throws,
 To charm the flocks from sweet repose.
 Wild roll the angry waters on the shore;
 The forest echoes to the thunder's roar;
 While, as quick lightnings through heaven's concave
 play,
 By turns 'tis sable night;—by turns 'tis brilliant day!

XXVI.

Appall'd she stands, bewilder'd with her fears;
 For instant death in every flash appears!
 “Heed not yon light,—this darkness,—nor this sound;”
 (As o'er her form he throws his mantle round;—)
 “Heed not the flash;—'twill light us on our way;
 “Heed not the darkness;—soon returns the day:
 “Heed not the sound;—stern music 'tis of heaven,
 “When might to right its wonted power has given.
 “Lord Arno dies!—His tower, involved in flames,
 “Hisses loud music at his funeral games.
 “See—how yon flashes mingle with the clouds!
 “See—how yon towers, which circling ivy shrouds,

“ See—how they nod!—Now list—that groan, that
 shriek,
 “ Which through these woods, in frightful echoes, speak,
 “ Flow from the heart of Arno’s hated lord;
 “ The last, last sounds his agonies afford!—
 “ Now turn thee, fair one, turn; thy lover speaks;
 “ Softly he whispers; from these pallid cheeks
 “ He wipes thy tears and agonies away.
 “ He bids thee live;—he bids thee to survey
 “ The coral riches that adorn his sway.”

XXVII.

The maid, o’ercome with tumults and alarms,
 Sunk;—and in sinking fill’d the SPIRIT’S arms!

XXVIII.

“ I am the GENIUS of this rolling flood!
 “ I heard thy sighs;—I saw thy frantic mood!
 “ I heard—I saw—I pitied—and I loved:
 “ Sprung from my grotto, wildly, to thine aid;
 “ And in thy path my decent limbs I laid.
 “ You saw;—love echoed rapture to my plan:
 “ I won thy bosom in the form of man!

“ Come—grace my bower ;—’tis worthy woman’s love !

“ Come—let me clasp thee—let no terrors move.”

The SPIRIT now with warm, yet gentle, haste,

His arm extended round her yielding waist.

Charm’d, rapt, enchanted with so fair a bride,

He bore her, yielding, to the azure tide :

Yielding, yet fearful :—“ Come, my angel, come ;

“ This is my mansion ; thus I greet thee home.

“ No mortal power could such rich treats provide ;

“ Nor could e’en Heaven itself provide so sweet a bride.”

* * * *

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INSCRIPTION

FOR A TABLET IN A FIELD NEAR BATTLE, SUSSEX.

HERE HAROLD fought, and found himself a grave :
Here WILLIAM fought, and found a royal crown !
'Tis many a century since the day was won :
And many a century since the day was lost.
Harold is dust ; and William is the same !
Which wouldst thou be, oh ! stranger, if thou could ?
HAROLD or WILLIAM ? Neither dost thou say ?
Ah ! thou art wise. Return, and bless thy stars,
That Fortune gives thee, in her sportive mood,
No crown to conquer, and no crown to lose.

II.

INSCRIPTION

ON AN OAK IN THE NEW FOREST.



STRANGER!—Thank heaven thou hast no wolves to hunt;
No boars, no panthers, and no brindled bears;
Nor lions, prowling in the woodlands wild.
Then do not waste thy manly strength away:
Fright not the hare;—nor start the stately stag,
Eyeing his antlers in the glassy brook.
No! let them live, in solitude and ease;
Fortune's best gifts,—if LIBERTY PRESIDE!

III.

INSCRIPTION.†

OH THOU ! who hither com'st from far,
 From peaceful vales, or fields of war ;
 From WOLGA'S fiercely rolling tide ;
 Or ARAR'S banks, whose tranquil side
 With thyme and moss is cover'd o'er ;
 Here rest, and try the world no more !
 Here, where flowers of various hue,
 In modest pride, attract thy view ;
 Where rills from mountain heights descend
 In gurgling streams, and wildly bend
 Their murmuring course adown the vale
 Where peace and blooming health prevail ;
 And where the birds their notes prolong,
 Charming the woods with warbling song.

Oh ! pilgrim ! fly from every earthly woe,
 And taste those raptures, which these scenes bestow.
 Fly from the world,—beset with passions rude,—
 And fix thy home in peaceful solitude.

IV.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A MONUMENT OVER ARTHUR LLEWELLYN.



BENEATH this monument of turf repose
 The sacred ashes of a REAL MAN:
 Unknown to fame; and e'en unknown to those,
 Who till'd the land, on which he gain'd his bread!
 Yet, had he been in lofty turret born,
 He might have been a minister of state;
 Or led an army to th' embattled field.
 He died neglected; withering all his days;
 Scorning the earth!—For, since his birth decreed,
 He could not rise, in this dull age, to fame,
 He mused in silence on his humble state,
 And listless fortune, till his wayward mind
 Scorn'd to be any thing,—save one alone,—
 AN HONEST, SOBER, ROUGH, UNPOLISH'D MAN.

V.

INSCRIPTION

ON THE MONUMENT

OF

MISS ANNA MARIA WILMOT.



READER!

IF, WHEN THE ANGEL OF DEATH HAS SEPARATED THY SOUL FROM THY BODY,

THOU SHOULD,

AS A REWARD FOR PURE THOUGHTS AND VIRTUOUS DEEDS,

ASCEND THE ALTITUDE OF THE HIGHEST HEAVEN,

REPEAT THE NAME OF

WILMOT;

AND A THOUSAND ECHOES, IN ECSTATIC CONCERT, WILL PROCLAIM TO

THY DELIGHTED EAR, THAT THOU HAST CALLED ON ONE,

WHOM EVERY ANGEL LOVES!

VI.

INSCRIPTION.†

SCENE —THE VALE OF FFESTINIOG.

Dost thou, oh Stranger ! from the world's turmoil,
 Seek in these awful scenes a safe retreat
 From all the ills of life?—Ere thou dost build
 Thine humble cottage on the rocky banks
 Of this wild torrent, read these simple lines,
 Carved on this bark by one, who knew the world too well !

* * * * *

“ Seek'st thou contentment in this lonely spot ?
 “ Examine first the secrets of thine heart.
 “ Hast thou fulfill'd the duties of thy station ?
 “ If not—return thee to the world again ;
 “ And, in its busy scenes, reclaim those hours
 “ Which Vice wrung from thee ; for, in solitude,
 “ No happiness awaits that wretched man,
 “ Who leaves the world, because the world leaves him.
 “ No ! He—who'd find enjoyment when alone,
 “ Must first be wise, be innocent, and good.

“ But if, oh stranger ! thou art hither driven,
“ By wrongs of fortune, or the wrongs of man ;
“ Charm’d with the rude and awful character
“ Of these wild rocks and mountains,—look around ;
“ Scan every object with a curious eye ;
“ Let not a spot be lost ; since SOLITUDE
“ Has built her temple here. These towering rocks,
“ These woods and mountains, and this winding stream
“ Welcome thy coming :—every object round
“ Tells thee, that here, from passing year to year,
“ No bold intruder will disturb thy rest.
“ Contentment reigns within the glen below,
“ And freedom dances on the mountain’s top.
“ At early morn the hunter’s call is heard ;
“ At close of day the shepherd’s simple pipe
“ Charms the lone valley with its rustic note.
“ —Pause, wanderer, here then ! go no farther on !
“ And near this spot, which overlooks the glen,
“ Erect thy home :—for here, in happy hour,
“ What time the sun had shed his evening ray
“ O’er all the prospect rude, a gentle MAID,
“ (Form’d in kind Nature’s best and happiest mood.)
“ In all the sweet simplicity of heart,
“ Call’d this ‘ *the sweetest spot that she had ever seen.*’ ”

VII.

INSCRIPTION FOR A CEMETERY.

WRITTEN IN THE CHURCHYARD OF BRITTON-FERRY,
GLAMORGANSHIRE.

WHEN death has stolen our dearest friends away,
Some tears to shed is graceful:—but to mourn
Loudly and deeply, that their pains are o'er,
Is but to prove we loved ourselves the most.

To bear misfortune with an equal mind ;
To mount the aspiring pinnacle of fame,
With a warm heart, and temperate resolve ;
To curb the rage, that prompts to wild revenge ;
To pay the malice of an envious throng
With pity and forgiveness ; and to weep,
With tears of joy, that our most “ useful ” friend
Has paid the debt eternity demands ;
Alike bespeak nobility of mind,
And the proud hope, that heaven’s decrees are just.

Stranger !—of peasant or of royal line !
Treasure these thoughts ; and autumn’s yellow leaf
Shall never fill thine aged eyes with tears !

HYMN TO THE MOON.

The principal part of this hymn was written at Bedgellart, Carnarvonshire, one evening after having seen the moon set in the Irish sea, from the summit of a mountain, forming a portion of the SNOWDON chain.

With this Hymn I wish to associate the name of THOMAS DAVISON, Esq.; an ardent, active, and unwearied friend of many years.

————— Thou silver Queen of Heaven!
Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair!
What title or what name endears thee most?

• • • • •

Come! — But from heavenly banquets with thee bring
The soul of song, and whisper in mine ear
The theft divine.

NARCISSA.

I.

O THOU! who, rising from the vault of eve,
Tingest each rock and mountain with thy light,
Tranquil and solemn;—who in yonder main

Behold'st thy form reflected, and thy face
Furrow'd with many a scar;—impressions rude
Of Nature's seal;—more lasting than the signs
Carved on Mount SINAI; from whose sacred top
Th' Egyptian shepherd view'd the aged piles
Of pyramids immortal;—listen to my lay!
And pour thine influence on thy poet's lyre;
That he may charm the silent ear of night,
And teach vain man the moral of thy song.
For now eve's web invests each distant hill
With twilight grey; as if some spirit wove
The net aerial;—while the golden west
Melts into purple;—such as oft were seen
In old ATLANTIS, or the orange groves
Of fair HESPERIA, when immortal nymphs
Guarded the sacred fruit:—O listen to my lay!
For now the bee no longer buoyant flies,
With loaded thigh, or sweet, distended bag,
And fluttering wings so musical;—but hangs
On a rough cluster of its murmuring tribe,
While all is silence in its honey'd hive.
The flocks repose;—the weary hunter rests;
And lowing herds now ruminatè alone
Beside the babbling brook;—the peasant's nest.

'Neath yonder copse, that overlooks the glen,
 Dusky and secret, mantled o'er with vines,
 E'en from its threshold to its chimney top,
 No longer winds its volumes through the air,
 Marking the comfort and the peace within.—
 Winding round shrubs, and arch'd by towering pines,
 Oaks, elms, or sycamores, the woodbine wild
 Throws a rich fragrance on the wing of night;
 While birds of eve the blushing rose-bud woo,
 Or hymn soft vespers to thy rising ray.

II.

Which love thee most of all the timid race
 That traverse the wide region of the air?
 —The bird of wisdom and the bird of love.—
 Deep in his solitude immured the day,
 At thy approach, the OWL,—pensive and wise,—
 Forsakes his haunts, and flits from tree to tree,
 As if he fear'd the earth.—The NIGHTINGALE?
 With many a deep-toned orison she hails
 Thy rising beam, and fills the forest wide
 With warblings, grateful to a poet's ear.—
 Beneath thy ray, in other climes, the moth
 Flits with light wing, from slumbering shrub to shrub:

The HIPPO TAMUS, in circumference vast,
 From whose rich blood the Indian artist draws
 His tints of purple, leaves the slimy bed
 Of Nile or Niger ; and, as evening draws
 Her mystic robe, devours the sugary cane.
 The ARMADILLO, too, with pliant bands
 Circling its back, and cover'd with a shell,
 Forming an animal, distinct from all
 That live on herbage, slumbers through the day ;
 And like the TAPIR, roving through the woods
 Of sea-girt Darien, or the Amazon,
 Crops its pure food from sunset to the morn.

III.

From beings animate to vegetive—In thee
 Delight the sober NIGHT-SHADE of Peru ;
 The flower which charms the midnight of the Cape ;
 The rich NYCTANTHES,—blushing on the banks
 Of sultry Ganges ;—and the splendid flower,
 Surpassing all that blossom in the day,
 Thence call'd MAGNIFICENT.—The solemn tree,
 That bears mild MELANCHOLY'S sacred name,
 Beholds thee, too, with silent gratitude ;
 Lulling the spice-trees of the balmy isles

Of rich Molucca; while the midnight air
 Wafts the stolen fragrance o'er the murmuring main.

IV.

By thy mild beam light FAIRIES love to dance,
 (As rosy maids in Ebwy's vale believe,)
 On the torn margin of a torrent, grazed
 By fearless goat;—on mountain's thymy side
 To weave green circles for the shepherds;—or
 To lie, the holy-bush beneath, to warn
 The weary stranger o'er the pathless bog,
 Against the ignis fatuus.—ECHO, too,
 Soothed by the azure of thy beauty, rests
 Beside th' unwearied waterfall;—alone,
 Silent, and pensive;—meditating where
 The artless shepherd sleeps, who all the day
 Had made each glen and moss-grown valley ring.

V.

Thee, too, each poet, crown'd with wreaths divine,
 In every age hath honour'd:—from the time
 When Grecian groves, and Grecian mountains charm'd
 The soul of wise EURIPIDES;—to when
 Th' accomplish'd PETRARCH sought the laureate shade.

PETRARCH!—How oft, when far from men retired,
Deep in the valley of his fountain,—lost
In silent wonder,—has he tuned his lyre,
And called thee LAURA'S emblem!—LAURA heard,
And blush'd to own how well the poet sung:
Guiltless she blush'd;—while tears of fond regret
Oft down her pallid cheek, in copious streams, would flow.

Thee SPENSER woo'd;—the sweetest bard, that e'er
Gave to the trials of earth's pilgrimage
A sacred charm:—and SHAKESPEARE,—bard sublime,—
Who walk'd with Nature, yet who dwelt with man;
And probed him to the bottom of his heart,
From infancy to age:—E'en Shakespeare loved
T' invite thy solemn lustre.—TASSO, too,
Kindled his genius at thy midnight lamp:
And that sweet poet,* who resembled him;—
Who made the passions musical;—who knew
The bond and charm of liberty divine;—
Mercy's rich attributes, the soul of man
Quickening with heavenly love: He knew;—he felt,
How sweet the calm thine influence distils,
When from the convent, or the gothic aisle,

* Collins.

Floats holy music through the green arcade,
 Or chequer'd vista, to the secret bower,
 Whence, through the loop-holes, form'd by blushing
 vines,
 Thy form is view'd in each recoiling wave,
 That gilds the surface of the solemn deep.

VI.

What mourn'd the poet of the Western Isles?
 When blind, and old, and tearful, and forlorn,
 He walk'd with heartless men?—That he no more
 Could watch thee, rising o'er the distant hill
 From opening clouds of mist.—And MILTON,—HE—
 Second to none but HOMER,—fall'n on days,
 Evil and dark, disgracing and disgraced,
 In numbers soft, pathetic, and sublime,
 Lamented long, that he alone could see,
 With mental organ, Nature's wond'rous works;
 And, from the seat of memory alone,
 Compare the compass of the infernal shield
 To the broad circle of thy spotty globe.
 And HALLER too,—the frame and mind's physician—
 Mourning in exile from his native home:

And he who sung of solitude ; *— and he,
 Who, 'mid the gardens of romantic Sheen,
 Would rove, enchanted, while each nightingale
 Vied with its rival, which should charm him most. †
 Thee KLOPSTOCK oft, amid his song divine,
 Hails with a wild and melancholy grace :
 And DYER, too, who oft, in happier times,
 Has charm'd my fancy, and has warm'd my heart ;
 When 'mid the groves of GRONGAR I have sat,
 Beneath the hawthorn ; where, at close of day,
 The poet sung old Grongar's matchless shade.

VII.

Thee, too, the sea-worn MARINER adores ;
 When, near the point of Horn's tempestuous cape,
 Or 'mid th' enormous piles of wandering ice,
 Which, 'neath the northern circle, bound the rocks
 Of NOVA ZEMBLA, hung with hoary threads,
 Form'd like the tissue of a spider's web,
 Or clad in one continual robe of snow.
 Or when wide tost on Biscay's sounding bay,
 Now high in air, and now emerged below
 Deep in its fathomless abyss, each wave

* Zimmermann.

† Thomson.

Towers like a mountain o'er the labouring bark ;
Scattering wild, concave, surges to the sky ;
And forming rainbows in thy sphere of light.

Or, when benighted on a foreign land,
Desert and waste, where never rainbow yet
Circled the wide horizon ; where no bee
E'er sipp'd rich nectar from the blooming cup,
Perfum'd from heav'n ; the weary traveller roves,
Lost in the frightful darkness. Round he turns
His visual organ :—all is dark :—profound
The silent concave !—Deep his withering soul
Sinks with his frame ;—while pitiless despair
Sits like a nightmare on his feverish brain.
Soon in the horizon of the vaulted east,
Remote and shrouded with the dews of heaven,
In awful state, magnificent appears
Thy matchless form !—The wanderer hails the sight :
His frame, so lately sinking, throbs with hope ;
Life quickens fresh ;—his grateful bosom glows ;
And his whole soul with holy transport fills.

VIII.

Why sits the HERMIT on yon rocky cliff,
That screens his cave from rushing winds and waves ?
While near his feet the azure beetle creeps

Its drowsy course, and round his hoary head
The moth, benighted, flies?—Why bends his eye
Full towards the west?—To see thy shadowy car
Sink in the bosom of the Atlantic waste!
Long has he watch'd the progress of thy course:
Nor will he slumber on his bed of moss,
Till in the east, dark MEMNON'S MOTHER calls
Each fragrant zephyr from the pearls, that gem
The lips of roses, to enrich the ray,
That tips with coral every cloud of morn.—
To him thy waning is more beautiful
Than is thy high meridian. The stem
Of oak gigantic, wither'd by the blast,
More sacred is, than when it rear'd its head,
Peerless and proud, the monarch of the plain.
Th' embattled tower, o'ergrown with bearded moss,
And by the melancholy skill of time,
Moulded to beauty, charms his bosom more
Than all the palaces of princes.—Rocks,
Which raise their crested heads into the clouds,
Piled in rude grandeur, form a scene sublime,
More rich, more soothing to his pensive soul,
Than Rome, with all its palaces and ruins;
When through the lucid atmosphere of CLAUDE,

In awful state, the glowing sun descends,
 And every fragment wears the golden hue,
 That robes the concave of Italian skies.

IX.

Beneath thy ray pale MELANCHOLY roves,
 In awful silence, to yon ruin'd tower ;
 Beneath whose ivied arch profoundly sleeps
 The history of ages.—There she sits,
 Musing the midnight on the varied change
 Of earthly objects ;—on the varied ills
 That wring the bosom of the sensitive young,
 And reasoning old :—and, sighing from the soul,
 Deeply laments, how oft the sacred form
 Of Virtue bends before the frown of Fate.

X.

Led by thy light the LOVER roves, to muse
 On her, who first engaged his secret sigh.
 Thee, too, the fond ENTHUSIAST deems his friend ;
 When o'er the scented grave of her he loved,
 Untimely lost in death's oblivious shade,
 He drops the silent tear, and bending knees
 To kiss the sacred spot, and sigh “ Farewell.”

XI.

Ye heartless many!—YE, who know so well
 To use th' intriguing faculties;—and who,
 Remorseless, poison all the purer springs
 Of mental youth, and ridicule the soul;
 As insects, perforating buds of flowers,
 Steal their sweet juice, and wither them away;—
 Why do ye smile to see th' enthusiast weep?
 And why to see the fond enthusiast gaze,
 With mournful silence, on the chequer'd light,
 That beams, through vi'lets, on the sacred grave?
 Ye are unholy!—Hasten to your homes,
 That friendless, cheerless, speak the heartless man.
 Away!—ye are unholy.—Not a tear
 Would swell your eye-lids, were the world to die;
 So that yourselves might live.—In vain for you,
 The Catholic virgin gazes on the light,
 Which gilds her rosary of beads;—in vain
 Tears,—melting tears,—denote a broken heart;
 While sighs,—responsive to her evening hymn,—
 Steal through the cloisters of her convent grey.

XII.

Away!—ye are unholy.—Often have I stood
 On the wild banks of Severn and the Wye,

Avon and Usk, the Towy, and the Cam,
Isis and Trent, green Medway, and the stream,
That winds Langollen's lovely vale along,
To view thy form reflected!— Often have I stray'd
Beneath the shade of venerable piles,
Netley, or Strata Florida, the walls
Of sacred Tintern, or the moss-grown abbey,
Bosom'd in mountains, near the winding banks
Of "wizard Dee;"—in silence to reflect,
How calm and constant thou pursu'st thy course,
Unheeding of man's passions!—As I've paused—
A fragrant balm has visited my heart,
Stealing a character from Paradise,
Which soothed my soul, and "wing'd it to the skies."—
Where in the volume of thy wandering globe,
Names are inscribed of those, who, deep retired,
Through optic glass, beheld thy liquid zones,
Thy streams and mountains;—where at times is seen,
Circling thy space, a party-colour'd crown,
Like aureolas on the sacred head
Of saint or martyr;—and where oft appears
Refracted and reflected in the drops,
That lightly fall from heaven, the midnight bow,
Arching the deep horizon;—while the cot,
O'er which it rises in magnificence

Solemn and sacred, from the falling rain
 Protects the weary woodman, as he sleeps
 Secure,—unheeding of impending storms.

XIII.

O thou!—that turn'st thy fair yet furrow'd face,
 Still towards the illuminating orb of day,
 Like to a blooming heliotrope;—who round
 The earth's proud surface wield'st thy constant course,
 As round the sanctuary of her husband's bed,
 The faithful matron,—loving and beloved,—
 Travels the pilgrimage of life:—Oh! thou,
 Whose sons and daughters are more fair than those
 Of this terrestrial globe;—inhabitants,
 Worthy thyself,—the sister of the sun,—
 Whose splendid temple at rich Ephesus,
 Built by the manual industry of kings,
 Attest the glory of thine ancient reign.
 When thou appearest in the ebony,
 Each constellation beams with joy divine
 Around thy splendid circle:—every star
 Seems, as if listening to the tremulous note,
 That, with harmonious melody, awake
 Those forms ærial of infinity,

Which on th' electric fluid ride through space
From satellites to planets; thence to suns,
Circled by comets; and to systems vast,
Forming the volume of the universe,
To age eternal.—When thy mystic form
Eclipt appears, surrounding nations gaze,
In silent wonder:—stern ORION, who,
Like a huge giant, hangs his circling belt
And threatening sword, as if the concave wide
Were ruled by him:—ARCTURUS, and the gems,
That form the watery PLEIADS;—and the star,
That burns with heat intense, behold thy form
—Darken'd—with terror; as if Nature's hour
For dissolution into space were come.
But as thou reassum'st thy wonted light,
More lovely in thy beauty, than when seen
First by the wise ENDYMION, who enjoy'd
Thy secret converse on the Syrian mount;
They gaze with awe, soon softening with delight,
And with charm'd hope resign their reign to thee!—
While the rude bear, revolving round the pole,
In one unvaried circle, and who ne'er
Bathes his wild forehead in the echoing main,*

* Pope's *Iliad*

Beholds how firm thine influence enchants
 The raging billows to their rocky beds,
 From gulf of ORMUS to the vast profound
 Of old ATLANTIC:—constant in thy change!
 Yet constant in thine influence, from month
 To year, from year to cycle, and to age!

Since first the penetrating eye of man
 Beheld thee, rising o'er the balmy skirts
 Of blooming Eden, thou art still the same;
 And all now gaze on that, which Adam saw!
 Adam and Moses, Thales, and the man*
 Who first taught Nature to th' astonish'd sons
 Of western regions.—Oh! transporting thought!
 To think that these unhallow'd eyes have seen
 What ADAM, MOSES, and great NEWTON saw!

XIV.

But all beneath the constant Moon decay!
 All change!—All spring from infancy to age;
 And, at the appointed season of decay,
 Melt into dust;—to be reform'd again.
 Reform'd in splendour more magnificent,

* Pythagoras.

Than eye has seen, or ear has ever heard !
And by that power, OMNIPOTENT, whose name,
Inscribed on all the Universe, proclaims
HIM PAST, HIM PRESENT, FUTURE, and SOLE CAUSE,
SOLE POWER, SOLE LOVE, SOLE WISDOM, AND SOLE END.

THE END.

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